



I didn't know then...



119 10 8

Chapter 1 by Gounaitory

"Where am I?" I woke up like from a terrible nightmare. I was alone in the room and I woke from telephone's rang. It was Isabella she always calling every morning to check us.

I finally stood and moved to the living room. Mom was picking her stuff and watching TV and Joseph was eating his cereal food.

"Get ready soon. We are going to New Jersey"

Chapter 2 by Rinat Menyashev



"OMG!!! Not again!!" I shouted to Mom

Chapter 3 by intellikat



"Yes," my mother said. "New Jersey. It's time for you to learn bowling... from Satan."

Chapter 4 by intellikat



We all laughed. I mean, Jersey was disgusting really to any New Yorker, but the image of bowling with the prince of fiends himself was a wonderful one that broke the sombre reality of why we were actually going.

See more of Story Wars

Joseph and I finished our breakfast and headed back to our room to throw some clothes into our backpacks for the weekend. While we were packing, and I could tell by the tone of Mom's voice that Isabella was reminding her of what she already

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knew. Isabella was Dad's new girlfriend. She was pretty weird, really. She acted more like a secretary than anything else.

"I'm just calling to remind you that the kids will be at Mike's place this weekend."

"I'm just calling to say that we've send a birthday present for Shelby and it should be arriving in one to three days."

"I'm just calling to wish you a Happy Hannukah from Mike and myself. We hope you are all doing well this season."

I mean, it was really, really weird how she would call and talk like that. She wasn't an unkind person, by any means. But dull. So boring. Like separating tangled paperclips was time spent alone with Isabella. I don't know what Dad saw in her anyway. It really made no sense to us kids.

"Okay Joe," I said. "Let's get this over with."

My brother and I zipped up our backpacks and headed for the front door where mom waited.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



The drive across the bridge and down through North Jersey was uneventful as always. We stopped at the Whippany Diner (something of a tradition) and ordered milkshakes and fries to pad the final leg of the journey. Joseph and I usually slept away that final strength after ingesting the diner food, and before we knew it, we were at my Dad's place.

"Hey guys!" he called out, walking down the front steps with wide open arms. "Welcome back! Nothing has changed, we're all just the same." He laughed heartily.

Behind him, on the front porch stood Isabella, with folded arms and a half eaten cucumber in hand.

"Isabella! Would you help with the kids' bags?" Isabella moved down to get them, as she always

did. Aside from being a secretary, she was also a bellhop. "How are you guys? Still gagging on some Whippany milkshakes?" "H- See more of Story Wars Gladys. Nice to see you. New glasses?"

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"No. Still the same."

"Alright then. I'll see you in two days?"

"Sounds good, Mike."

"Alright, Isabella! When you've got those bags set up into their room, go ahead and start cooking grilled cheese sandwiches? That's good for you guys, right?" We nodded. "Grilled cheese and tomato soup. An old classic."

Dad nodded, grinning, and then to Mom. We turned and followed Isabella with our bags up the steps and into the house.

Chapter 6 by Sven Paton



I hate these trips to dad's it's a perfect weekend wasted doing what nothing except listening to dad's bad jokes. Come on it works on Joe but he is not going to stay 5 years old. I could be going to my friends' houses but, unfortunately, none of them live nearby. hopefully, though this weekend dad might have thought of something for us to actually do.

"Mary and Joe did you two pack some warm clothing?"

"It's winter of course mum made us in of a case of a snow-storm you know how she worries."

"Great because isabella and I thought we would go camping"

Well as if I thought going to dad's couldn't get any worse. Just imagine going camping.

Ok, this is officially the worst weekend at dad's ever. humans shouldn't be doing this anymore we invented buildings, electricity and showers for a reason that reason being so we don't have to live in the woods.

"Mary, don't you want to come help find firewood with me?"

I guess I'll have to go. "Coming dad"

"Dad, what's this?"

"That my darling is a trap door."

"Can't we open it?"

"Go fetch Joe and Isabella and a torch while I clear the dirt and leaves around the hatch."

"Isabella, Joe you won't believe what I found!"

"Slow down Mary what did you find?"

"A trap door!"

"Ok let's go!"

See more of Story Wars

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Imagine if we find a buried chest or even just a bed at least one good thing came from this camping trip.

"Dad where are you?" " I swear this is where the trap door was..."

Chapter 7 by ♥Jaeda♥



He needed his Dad right now.

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